

## Tales of the Scalp Hunters.

Winona, the Child of the Prairies; or,  
a Dash for Life.

BY COL. HENRY INMAN, TOPEKA, KAN.

It was a magnificent Sabbath morning in May, that month of "birds and flowers"; the grand old cottonwoods and stately elms, which fringed the margin of the grassy-banked Saline in central Kansas, were in the full unfolding of their leaves; the wild grapes, plums, and cherries in the profusion of their beautiful white blossoms, made the air redolent with sweet perfume. The larks came mettingly, the blue jays darted with arrow-like swiftness in the shadow of the woods, the redwings peeped sweetly from their secure perch on the huge limbs of the forest, and over all nature there prevailed an enchanting tranquility peculiar to the mid-continent plains in the primitive days of the border.

The peaceful homesteaders of the fair region were unobtrusively sitting in the cool drowsiness of their rude but comfortable log cabins, resting from the labor of the week in improving their newly-opened farms in the wilderness. Some perhaps were gathered at a neighbor's, ten miles distant, so serenely scattered were the houses, to hear an itinerant preacher; for, among the primitive, simple people living there, the moral and religious element predominated.

In the vicinity of other homes groups of children were playing in the blue and white blossoms, that studded the prairie everywhere, or the purple verbena and wild rose in the ravines and on the hillside, their happy voices swaying the echoes of the charming melody, as they played in gentle mirth, innocent of any danger.

Suddenly, without a moment's warning, with the rush of a tornado, the Indians, feathered and painted, came sweeping down the valley, blood-curdling whoops, swept down into the blood from the hills and out of the canyons in every direction, murdering and scalping indiscriminately. They were not to be deterred by the cries of the helpless, sleeping in their cradles, pierced through and through with cruel arrows, or their brains dashed out against the doorposts.

A few escaped the vengeance of the savages by hiding in the tall grass and mat of sedges growing on the river's edge, from whence, late at night, under cover of darkness, they made their perilous way to Fort Harker, on the Smoky Hill, 25 miles south of the Saline, where Gen. Custer's famous troops, the 7th Cav. were stationed.

Eight or nine miles from the mouth of Spillman Creek, up the Valley of the Saline, under one of two large clumps of box-elders, then so known as the Twin Groves, a nest cabin of brown logs nestled picturesquely among the dense foliage. There lived Mr. and Mrs. Worral with their only child, Winona (in the beautiful Chippewa language meaning first born).

The little family had been pioneers in Wisconsin, from which State they had emigrated in the Fall of 1845, settling in the beautiful Valley of the Saline, their claim including the surrounding prairie, where they commenced to open a new farm in the wilderness of central Kansas.

Winona had already reached her sixteenth year at the date of her advent in the new State. She was rapidly growing into womanhood, but still a thoroughly representative child of the prairie. As free and as graceful in all her movements as the wind, pure and innocent in her thoughts as the purest air, she sometimes perhaps a little dialectic and provincial in her expression.

Winona possessed a face and figure remarkable for the former for its beauty, the latter for its litheness, symmetry, and an inherent grace that any Eastern society lady would have been vain of, but with this fair every movement of her person, every look, she was as ignorant of anything that savored of affectation as she was of the calculus; yet, if she even stubbed her toe it was accompanied by such an exhibition of pathos, that the bystanders seemed to have been studied. To watch the play of her hands when performing any work, whether cinching the saddle on her pony or the more delicate office of making tatting, was a study. No queen could have moved her fingers with more exquisite grace.

Her complexion was so light as to be nearly pure, for she was a blonde of the most pronounced type, her eyes were of a deep, golden hair, which grandly reflected the sheen of the sun, as does a bright cloud at his going down, she was considered a picture of beauty and health, rarely found in a child of the prairie.

But it was not her singular beauty which made Winona a universal favorite in the new settlement, where among the class to which she belonged there was no pretense of refinement. It was the sweetness of her disposition, modesty in its broad sense, sodate conduct, neatness in appearance, and her ever willingness to help or assist in any way, that endeared her to the people of the valley.

Winona was possessed, too, of a courage and coolness under circumstances of danger that the majority of her contemporaries had been grafted in her nature by the hand of heredity. For her parents from her childhood had been on the frontier, and brought up to contend with all the sometimes fearful vicissitudes of border life.

Yet there was nothing masculine in this brave young girl's manner. She rode horseback as well as a part of the creature on which she sat, and could jump as nimbly as a cat, but she was not a pony. The one she now possessed was a dull brownish-yellow named Ginger, not because his coat resembled that spice in color so much as because he was so quick and in his nature. Ginger was one of that small breed peculiar to Texas, purchased out of a herd which had been driven from the Lone Star State to the remote prairie of the West, and he lived in Wisconsin. His powers of endurance were phenomenal, as are nearly all of his species. On a long journey, with only the wild grass to subsist on, they soon completely "wear out" the pampered steed of the eastern States.

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Winona had broken him all by herself, but had never used whip, spur, or severe curb during her long and patient training. Consequently Ginger, upon her slightest word, was every command promptly. His education had been based upon gentleness and affection. Her love for him was reciprocated in a manner bordering upon an intelligence confirmation of the theory that kindliness is more effective in subduing the brute creation to our will than the club or kindred harsh measures. Ginger never flinched by fence or larrikin, round at will over the beautiful prairie surrounding Twin Groves. Yet day or night, in sunshine or in storm, if Winona required his services he had only to go and call him when, if within the sound of her voice, he would come galloping up to her neighborly chieftain. When he arrived where she stood, bridle in hand, waiting for him, he would affectionately rub his nose on her arm, and then he would obediently follow her to the house. If he were a long way off when she went to seek him he would jump on his bare back and ride home. He was always rewarded on these occasions, however, with a lump of sugar or salt, of both of which he was very fond, and in all the years of their companionship neither girl nor pony had ever decided upon deserting. His sugar or salt was never forgotten, nor had he since failed to respond to her summons.

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On the lovely Sabbath morning of the awful massacre in the lower portion of the valley, Winona sat on her horse just before sunrise to visit Mrs. Aylesford, an old lady living about seven miles north of Twin Groves, to whom she had promised the preceding week she would come that day and read.

After Winona had been there three or four hours, Ginger peacefully grazing the nutritious buffalo-grass in front of the house, and she would come that day and read.

From the door of his shelter he saw the Indians rush out of the ravines upon the prairie, and confident that he could be of no assistance by going where the savages were already murdering and firing the cabins of the helpless settlers, he caught his horse, and, mounting, he rode off to the north, where he found the Indians in a rude dugout in the hillside on Lost Creek, near the scene of the massacre.

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required such an invitation from the heroic young girl, who, aside of him for inspiration, and the two daring spirits rode rapidly down the river-trail leading directly to Twin Groves, four miles from the ford at Twin Groves.

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## A MOST GRAPHIC STORY.

It is Taken Direct from Real Life.

A Charming New England Lady Tells Her Experience Both Abroad and in America. The unwritten romances of life are more wonderful and far more interesting than the most vivid works of fiction. The one we are about to relate occurred in real life, and is both interesting and instructive.

Mrs. Jennie Ray formerly lived in Manchester, N. H. Her home was pleasant, her surroundings comfortable. In the year 1880 she visited England, and while in that country began to experience strange sensations. At first she attributed them to a change of climate, but they continued and increased, until finally, like many another woman, she became utterly discouraged.

It was while in this condition that Mrs. Ray returned to America and her home. Thousands of women read this story can appreciate the condition in which Mrs. Ray then was, and sympathize with her suffering. Two prominent physicians were called and endeavored to do all in their power for her relief. In spite, however, of their skill Mrs. Ray grew weaker and more depressed, while the agony she endured seemed to increase.

And here comes the interesting part of the story, which we endeavor to tell in Mrs. Ray's own words. She said: "I had been using a preparation of which I had heard much, I did not tell the physicians because I feared they would ridicule me, and perhaps order its discontinuance. I was told to use it, and the physicians were attending me the preparation was steadily and faithfully doing its own work in its own way, and I had faith in its power. At last the doctor said there was no use of his coming, for he could do me no good. I had suffered so much that I was quite willing to let it be, but it seems I was nearer relief than I knew. One week from the day the doctor last called a fatal attack seized me as a coffee-cup, and which looked as though it had been very large, left me. I sent for a doctor, and he declared it was a fibroid tumor, but said he had never known of one coming away of itself before. I immediately began to use the health and strength, and I unhesitatingly declare that my rescue from death was due solely to the marvelous effects of Warner's Safe Cure, which I had used, and which certainly rescued me from the grave. It is my firm belief that many ladies who are said to die of cancer of the womb are cases like mine, who have been cured by the use of Warner's Safe Cure, they like me, might be saved."

The above graphic account is perfectly true in every respect. Mrs. Jennie Ray is now living at 142 West 42nd Street, South Boston, Mass., and if any lady doubts the above statement, she can address Mrs. Ray, who will gladly answer all questions or grant an interview of a confidential nature to any lady who may choose to call upon her. It is said that "truth is stranger than fiction," and when the thousands of suffering, helpless women who are upon the road which physicians say leads only to the grave, and who have been rescued by the use of Warner's Safe Cure, they like me, might be saved."

Both had spoken in whispers; each had perfect confidence in the courage of the other, and they started on their mission. Winona was such an expert horsewoman that she could ride at full speed on any way, and she was sure that if Molly is still at the foot of that tree, she will be with us."

"All right," said Schmutz, "I'll be close to you." Both had spoken in whispers; each had perfect confidence in the courage of the other, and they started on their mission. Winona was such an expert horsewoman that she could ride at full speed on any way, and she was sure that if Molly is still at the foot of that tree, she will be with us."

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6. A delineation or description. 7. A large, long-legged South American bird, which preys upon snakes. —SHEPARD, New York, N. J.

8. A black cat, which is said to produce the appearance of diagonal lines on the surface. 9. A black cat, which is said to produce the appearance of diagonal lines on the surface. 10. A black cat, which is said to produce the appearance of diagonal lines on the surface.

11. A letter. 12. A letter. 13. A letter. 14. A letter. 15. A letter. 16. A letter. 17. A letter. 18. A letter. 19. A letter. 20. A letter.

21. A letter. 22. A letter. 23. A letter. 24. A letter. 25. A letter. 26. A letter. 27. A letter. 28. A letter. 29. A letter. 30. A letter.

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